

country around. The butterflies came dancing around me; bees buzzed in the warm air, and I felt as if I could have remained there in that peaceful place for the rest of the day and forget all the worries and cares of this life. But the time began to wear on and my sister did not return; it became later still, and she did not appear. Then I began to wonder why she did not come back, and horrible fancies flitted through my brain that she had slipped down a steep place and was lying unconscious far below me. I called and called in vain; my voice only echoed back the sound; my fears increased, and I now began to prepare to scramble down to the bottom in the direction I knew my sister had gone, when a whistle caught my ear, and on looking up, to my great relief, I saw my sister safe and sound on another little hillock some two hundred yards away, and although she had not found the Teesdalia, yet I had found her who was worth more to me than all the Teesdalias in the world.

A few days after this, Miss Hodgson kindly took us to the place where it grew, a spot quite easy of access, but as the plant is very small and growing amongst stones it was very easy to miss.

As Miss Mason and most of the Students were away at the time of our visit, we did not see anything of them till the day before we left, but when Miss Mason, Miss Hodgson, and Miss Kitching, arrived at Waterhead we were on the Pier to meet them. How glad we were to see them again! It seemed as if the happy old times had come back once more. After greetings had been exchanged we walked with Miss Hodgson to her lodgings on the Windermere road, had a cosy chat and finally left her eating her supper in the pretty little sitting room.

The next day we went to dinner at Scale How. The Students came in during the evening and we had games and music. Scale How is a splendid place with beautiful rooms, and plenty of them, but for my part I shall always love Springfield best as may some of you who lived there. I could not resist taking a good look at our old home with its sweet ivy-covered walls, and even took the liberty of trespassing in the fields adjoining, where we often used to wander in search of flowers.

And now I must not occupy any more room, but leave the dear old place, with all its pleasant remembrances, to remain as happy thoughts in our minds of bygone days.

S. SMYTH.

## NOTES ON FLOWERS.

The Snowdrop is called in French *perce-neige*, and in Italian *bucca-neve*, both meaning snow-piercer.

Primrose is derived from the Latin word *primus*, first, because of its flowering so early.

Daisy was formerly spelt according to its meaning, day's eye, as its flowers grow sleepy and close at evening. In Yorkshire it is called the Dog-daisy, because it was formerly believed that the juice of the leaves and root, given to little dogs, with milk, would keep them from growing large.

Gorse is also called Furze and Whin. In St. Petersburg it is cherished in the choicest greenhouses, and esteemed a precious ornament.

Coltsfoot is so called from a fancied resemblance of the leaves to the form of a colt's hoof. Wine is sometimes made from the flowers.

The young leaves of the Lesser Celandine are sometimes used as greens in Sweden.

Sweet Violets grow wild all over Europe; they are abundant in Arabia, Japan, and Barbary, and have been found in Palestine and near Canton in China. The Yellow Violet is found on Welsh mountains.

The name Dandelion was originally *Dent de Lion*, or lion's tooth, from the form of the single florets; indeed, the leaf is indented so as to bear considerable resemblance to a row of animal teeth.

Butcher's Broom was formerly used by butchers for sweeping their blocks.

Cows-lips were probably so called from the idea that as the breath of cows is sweet, their lips may be supposed to be sweet also, and so these fragrant flowers were named after them.

Ox-lip is evidently of the same origin. It is like a cowslip but larger, not so sweet-scented, not so common, and the flowers are more spread and upright.



Bedstraw. In former times, it was customary on great occasions to strew flowers and sweet herbs on beds, and about the floors of both sitting and sleeping apartments, and some of these plants being fragrant were used for that purpose. The word strew was also spelt strow, or straw, and the bed-straw or herb for strewing beds thus gained its name.

Fumitory is so called from *fumus*, smoke, on account of its unpleasant smell.

The Common Broom is useful for the winter food of sheep, and for thatching ricks and cottages. Brooms were probably first made of this plant, and so took their name from it. There is a tradition that the family of Plantagenet derived its name from the Broom. It is said that Fulk, the first Earl of Anjou, who bore the name of Plantagenet, being stung with remorse for some wicked action, made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, as an atonement, and being there soundly scourged with Broom twigs, which grew plentifully on the spot, he ever after took the name of *Planta-gênet*, or Broom Plant, (*gênet* being the French term for Broom) which was retained by his noble posterity.

Poppies have an unwholesome scent, for they partake enough of the opiate qualities of their tribe to occasion a very uncomfortable sensation in the head if smelt too long.

Black Bryony has leaves like those of a *Convolvulus*. True Bryony has leaves in the shape of the Vine and are somewhat rough.

Teasel heads are extensively used in the manufacture of woollen cloths, for the purpose of raising the nap upon them. They are fixed round a large broad wheel, which is made to turn round, and the cloth is held against them, so that these strong hooked sheaths or scales comb and scratch up the surface. That which is called the Fuller's Teasel is cultivated in the West of England for this purpose, but is not so commonly found wild as the two other British species which are more handsome, but having straight instead of hooked awns cannot be turned to any account.

A. S. KELSEY.

## OF BIRDS AND BIRDS' NESTS.

At each return of spring there comes to the bird-lover the time of keenest interest. There is then so much mystery among the feathered tribes, so much coming and going among the hedgerows, so many things to be discovered in the gardens and woods. Of the birds' nests which are most frequently met with in gardens, I think that of the Chaffinch is the most beautiful. There is, in an orchard I know of, a gnarled and lichen-covered apple tree, upon a bough of which a Chaffinch has built a wonderful structure of moss and lichen, till it looks almost like a part of the tree itself. It is lined with the softest feathers and is filled with a gaping brood of young birds. In the lower branch of a great silver fir, I discovered one day a Bullfinch's nest. The little bird was sitting patiently there, being gently swayed in the breeze which was moving the boughs. She did not stir when she saw me, but watched with anxiety every movement of the unwelcome intruder with her little bright black eyes. Her nest is not one of the prettiest, the materials being coarse, generally it is composed of fine twigs or roots; no delicate moss or feathers are found in this nest; it is lined with root fibres. The Bullfinch, although such a bright and elegant little fellow, is by no means a welcome sight to the gardener or fruit-grower, for he has a dangerous taste for fruit-buds, and he and his fellows work havoc in the orchards. This spring they have been a great plague; as many as sixteen were seen at one time in an orchard at their destructive work of eating the heart out of every fruit-bud on the apple trees. Passing under a trellis archway the other day, a little bird darted out and revealed to me her nest placed on the flat ledge of the arch. It was the nest of a Spotted Flycatcher. I moved away to a little distance to see whether the bird would go back again, but though I stayed for sometime, she would not go back, but kept flying from bush to bush and circling round the archway, evidently in a state of great uneasiness, till at last I took pity on her distress and walked on.

The Flycatcher is not a bird of striking appearance, but its ways are most interesting to watch. On any summer day you may observe it perched on a low bough or railing, making lightening